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THE OLD FAMILY CLOCK.

BY JOHNNY.

Ancient Clock I that o'er the silence
Proudly still thy warning tone.

Wearing round thee many a shadow
From the past, the dim unknown.

'Till this moment of things departed,
Monument and type of time.

Blends there with thy changing music
Spirit murmurs sad and low.

Telling of forgotten pleasures,
Dreams that fled long ago.

Or does fancy's magic only
Mystic echoes round thee throw?

Woodbine echoes round thee throw
And the golden sunshine played

On the humble cottage casement,
Outline soft of light and shade.

When thy form of polished oak
In its resting place was laid.

And a fair-haired babe slipped lightly
O'er the nearly polished floor.

To inspect and praise thy casing,
Rich with carving that it wore.

Wondering that she had never missed thee
From that quiet nook before.

Sits an aged one and fondly
Near thee now, with silver head.

Gleaming and like some pale moonbeam,
On the tombstone of the dead.

Can it be that fresh young creature—
Sixty years since then has fled?

Thy fingers here have lingered,
Striving all in vain to cease.

Mystic figures, wild, unearthly,
On thine ancient, time-worn face.

Handing startled ear to listen
With a sweet and childish grace.

Thou hast witnessed scenes of pleasure,
When these dim old rooms have rung

To the song and shout of revelry,
Kept thy face and cheek glowing.

Watch and wait 'till twilight eases,
Back and into shade were flung.

Still thou outlastedst finger numbers
Day by day and year by year.

And thy woodens tale is now
Of old, and on careless ear.

List its hidden accents: "Mortal!
Pause not, old, the end is near."

And at thy command come trooping
From the past, that shadowed land.

Strangely fair, yet all unearthly,
Bright-eyed maid, a smiling band.

Gleaming eyes and laughing children,
Silent all, yet hand in hand.

Peace, they say, thy spell no longer
Summons back that voiceless throng.

They, like thee, to ages old,
Whispered memories belong.

Even now decay is bleeding
Hollow murmurs with thy song.

And the splinter weaves around thee,
Ancient Clock, thy meager grim.

Strange that one who time hath mirrored
In one never ending hymn.

Should at last become its victim,
Slowly fading, faint and dim.

Soon thy trembling tongue shall fall,
And thy mission quite forgot.

Stranger hands shall bear thee rudely
From thy well remembered spot.

In some silent nook to nodder
Until shape and sound are not.

The following ode, sung at the celebration
of Washington's Birthday, was written
for the occasion by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Welcome to the day returning,
Dearest still as ages flow.

While the torch of faith is burning,
Long as freedom's altar glows.

See the hand that it gives us
Slumbering on a mother's breast;

For the arm he stretched to save us,
Be its form forever blest!

Hear the tale of youthful glory,
While of Britain's rescued hand

Friend and foe repeat the story,
Spread his fame o'er sea and land.

Where the red cross, proudly streaming,
Flaps above the fragile bark;

Where the golden lilies, gleaming,
Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

Look! the shadow on the dial
Marks the hour of doubtful strife;

Days of terror, years of trial
Scourge a nation into life.

Lo, the youth, become her leader!
All her hither tyrants yield;

Through his arm the Lord hath freed her;
Crown him on the tented field!

Vain is Empire's mad ambition;
Not for him an earthly crown!

He whose sword hath freed a nation,
Strikes the offered scepter down;

See the throneless conqueror seated,
Ruler by a people's choice;

See the Patriotic tale completed;
Hear the Father's dying voice!

"By the name that you inherit,
By the sufferings you recall;

Cherish the fraternal spirit;
Love your country first of all!

Listen not to idle fictions;
If its hands may be untied;

Doubt the Patriot whose suggestions
Whisper that his props may slide!"

Father! We, whose ears have tingled
With the discord notes of shame;

We, whose aches their blood have mingled
In the battle's thunder flame;

Gathering, while this holy morning
Lights the land from sea to sea;

Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning;
Trust us, while we honor thee!

Agriculture.

MANURES FOR SPRING.—It is now time
to look about and prepare for spring work.
It is time to determine what fields are to be
sown with spring grain and what are to be
planted.

The manures from the winter heaps may
as well be carried out while the snow covers
the ground as at a later period. Large
heaps or small heaps may be made in March
in the field of its destination while the frost
remains, and when warm weather comes
the heaps may be overhauled and thrown
up so light as to create sufficient fermentation
before the time of planting. Nothing
will be lost by removing the winter heaps
from the barn to the field before the frost
is gone.

On many farms heaped manure may be
removed better now than at any time before
planting. Where wet or low grounds are
to be crossed there needs to be no damage
at this season, and the work of planting
may be much facilitated by having the
manure early in the field.

HOW TO WINTER ONE HUNDRED SHEEP
ON AN ACRE AND A HALF OF GROUND.—
A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* says
he does it in this way:—"I take for the
purpose nothing more than a common wheat
soil; if rich, the growth is apt to be too
large. I plow it deeply, harrow well, and
about the 20th of June sow two and a half
bushels of corn. I use large variety; and
plow in with shovel plow, or cultivator, and
if weeds try to grow among it, they will get
weeds tired of such a sickly life, and try
to grow among something else the next
time. Leave standing until the leaves get
seared and the crop loses weight some;
then cradle down when dry, and put in
loose shocks, tie at the top with rye straw
and leave standing until wanted for feed;
it may be fed out short, or as it is clean
ground. In this way I have wintered one
hundred head of sheep without grain, and
in good order, on an acre and a half of
land. I have not had a better clip of wool,
nor lost fewer sheep, nor raised a better
crop of lambs, for five years, than I have
done this spring."

SHOEING OXEN.—We frequently find in
agricultural papers some remarks about
shoeing horses, but have never seen anything
therein about shoeing oxen. Now,
it is true that a horse should be shod in
such a manner as to cause him to stand
and travel with ease, and the oxen should
be shod with equal care, but we frequently
find oxen especially large oxen lamed by
shoeing. Now we find one great error to
be in the length and shape of the shoes.
If the shoes are long and crooked, they of
course, allow the weight of the ox to bear
on the inner edge of the shoe, or center
of the foot, causing the hoofs to cant in an
unnatural position. This may do for small,
light cattle, but with heavy oxen it is quite
different. In shoeing large oxen there
should be one inch of the toe or forward
end of the hoof left bare—and be sure
that the shoe sets flush with the outside
of the hoof. Then the heel of the
shoe should not be crooked or turned in
too much; but our blacksmiths are apt to
be in too great a hurry, and if a shoe comes
within hailing distance of a good fit they
must nail it on in preference to selecting
a better.

THE HOUSE.—An English sporting mag-
azine gives the following rule to deter-
mine the height a cult will attain when full
grown, and says that in nine cases out
of ten the rule will hold good: "When the
cult gets to three weeks, or as soon as he
is perfectly strengthened in the limbs, mea-
sure from the edge of the hair on the hoof
to the middle of the first joint, and for every
inch it will grow to the height of a hand
of four inches when its growth is natural.
Thus if this distance be found sixteen in-
ches, it will make a horse sixteen hands
high. By this means a man may know
something what sort of a horse, with proper
care, he is to expect from his colt.

PROMISE OF FRUIT GROWING.—At the
recent meeting of the fruit-growers of
Western New York, held at Rochester, it
was the universal testimony, that the pro-
duct of apples is more remunerative than
any other crop raised in that section. Several
testified to the realization of from
\$100 to \$150 per acre for apples. A
gentleman from Oswego said that it was
the estimate of the fruit committee in that
county, that one acre devoted to fruit was
equal to twelve with any other crop.

DRAINING.—Our bog meadows must all
be well drained or they will not produce
merchandise hay. Open ditches dug
parallel to each other, and four or six
rods apart, according to the wetness of
the meadow, are the best drains that we
have seen. Covered drains are not neces-
sary unless in places near the dwelling
house, or where they are crossed by
teams.

Selected Tale.

SCENE IN A VILLAGE BAR-ROOM

BY HORACE R. STANFORD.

In the fall of 18—, I was traveling from
Ithaca to Buffalo, in N. Y. State, by stage.
It was a bitter cold morning when we set out,
and the roads were frozen hard, there hav-
ing been considerable mud only a few days
before. The first night we put up at Dan-
ville, and on the following morning, when
I awoke, I found that the earth was not only
covered with snow, but that it was still fall-
ing fast.

After an early breakfast we set out on
wheels, but at the end of eight miles, we
were forced to take runners, the snow clog-
ging up so that the wheels would not run.
When night came we found ourselves forced
to stop at a small village not twenty miles
from where we set out in the morning.

A good supper was provided at the inn,
and the place had an appearance of com-
fort. We had just set down to supper
when the wind began to blow furiously,
and we could see by the dim light with-
out, that the snow was being whirled and
driven about in a furious manner. There
was a fire in the small sitting room, and
thither we passengers, six of us, ad-
joined. We sat there and conversed un-
til near nine o'clock, and then I went into
the bar-room to smoke a cigar, previous to
retiring.

In the bar-room I found a bright wood
fire burning, and some dozen people were
sitting there, smoking and drinking.—
(This was long before the introduction of
Maine laws.) Several of the company I
judged to be teamsters; a rough, hardy,
good natured set, who were enjoying them-
selves hugely over a big mug of flip. Then
there were several whom I found to be vil-
lagers—men who lived near the inn—sort
of village politicians and news mongers,
who made the bar-room their place of so-
cial evening meetings.

I had lighted my cigar and taken a seat
near the fire, when I noticed a buffalo skin
on the end of the long settle opposite to
where I sat, and I was confident that there
was a human being beneath it. I sup-
posed it might be some stable hand who
had been at work hard, and who expected
to be up most of the night, and was now
getting a little sleep.

I was looking at the buffalo robe, and
thus, meditating, when I heard a low,
deep, death-like groan come up from be-
neath it, and in a few moments more the
robe was thrown upon the floor, and the
man who had reposed beneath it came
down upon the top of it, and there he lay
like a dead man. I had just started up,
when four of the villagers and one of the
teamsters hastened to his assistance.—
They lifted him to his feet, and after con-
siderable effort managed to stand up.

My God! what a thrill struck to my
heart when I saw that face. It was one of
noble features; a high brow and amply de-
veloped, over which clustered a mass of
dark, glossy, ringlets; the face beautifully
proportioned, and each separate feature
most exquisitely chiseled. But what an
expression rested there now! The great
dark eyes had a vacant, idiotic stare; the
face was pale as death, and the lips looked
dried and parched, and much discolored.—
His clothes were torn and soiled, and one
of his hands was bloody. He was surely
not more than five-and-thirty, and his ap-
pearance would at once indicate a man of
more than ordinary abilities. But the de-
mon had possession of him, and made him
into something now below the brute.

"How do you feel now, George?" asked
one of the men who had gone to his assist-
ance.

"But he only groaned in reply, and was
soon persuaded to lie down again, being
told that he would soon feel better.

As soon as he was on the settle once
more, and the buffalo over him, the men
returned to their seats.

"Who is that chap?" asked one of the
teamsters, looking towards the villagers
who had been assisting the unfortunate.

"That's George Lockland," returned a
stout, honest looking man.

"Does he belong here?"

"Yes. Didn't ye never hear of him?"

The teamster replied that he had not.

"Well," resumed the fat man, "it's too
bad I declare 'tis. Lockland might be
one of the first men in town if he'd a mind
to; but you see he'll drink; and the
worst of it is, he makes a fool of himself.
He can't touch it without doing just as he's
been doing now. He started here as a
lawyer, and a smart one he is, too. Why
he can argue old Upham right out of his
boots. But ye see he's lost all his best cus-
tomers now. They don't trust him with
business, 'cause he ain't sure of ever doing
it. He's got one of the beautiful little
wives ye ever saw; and one of the hand-
somest children. But, poor things! I pity
'em. Then there's another thing; rum
operates different on him from what it does
on most folks. It doesn't show itself out-
side, as it does on almost every body else,
but it seems to eat him up inside. Ye see

how pale he looks—well, he's always
so when he's on one of these times. He
can't eat nothing, and I don't s'pose he'll
put a morsel of food into his stomach for a
week to come."

"How long has he been so?" asked the
teamster.

"How d'ye mean?"

"Why, how long both ways? How
long since he took to drink, and how long
since he's been drunk now?"

"Well he's took to drink more or less
ever since he come home from college;
but it's been only about a year that he's
been right down hard to it. Ye see folks
began to find out how slack he was in his
business, and they wouldn't give him any
jobs of consequence to do. I s'pose that
kind of set him a going in this fashion—
and as for this drunk, I should say he'd
been on it for a fortnight or more. He's
got down now about as low as he can get
and live, and I guess he'll get sober in a
day or two."

"But where does he get his liquor?"
asked the questioner.

"You must ask Mike Fingal that ques-
tion," replied the other.

All eyes were turned upon the landlord,
who now stood behind the bar. He was
evidently troubled at his turn, and moved
uneasily upon his high stool.

"Mike Fingal," spoke the teamster,
"do you sell that man rum?"

"Yes I do," the fellow replied with an
effort. "Don't I sell you the same when
you call for it?"

"But I ain't a poor drunkard, and you
know it. That ain't no excuse. Mike I
shouldn't think you'd do it."

"But when he wants rum he's bound to
have it, and if I didn't let him have it, some-
body else would," the host said.

"Now that's old," energetically pursued
the teamster. "On the same ground you
might take a pistol and go out and rob
folks, because, if you didn't somebody else
would. But that isn't here nor there.—
The thing is, I don't see what kind of a
heart you can have to do it."

The conversation was here interrupted by
a sound from the street. The wind was
still blowing madly, and the snow was driv-
ing against the windows, but above the
voice of the storm came the wailing of some
one in distress. It was the cry of a child
for help. We were all upon our feet in a
moment, and the lantern was quickly lighted.
My hat was already on my head—or my
cap rather—and I went out with the rest.
All went out but the landlord and his
wretched customer who occupied the
settee. It was some moments before I could
see at all, the snow came driving in my
face; but I soon managed to turn my
head, and then went on. The wind as it
came sweeping out through the passage to
the stable, had piled up a high bank of
snow across the street, and in this bank
we found a female with a child in her
arms. She had not seen the high barrier
of snow in the dark, and had got com-
pletely fast. She seemed faint and frozen,
but yet she clung to her child. The man
who carried the lantern held it up to her
face. The features were half covered with
snow, but the momentary glare of the lan-
tern was sufficient to reveal to me a face of
more than ordinary beauty.

"Heavens!" uttered the man as he
lowered the lantern, and caught the woman
by the arm, "Kate Lockland, is this you?"

But without waiting for her reply he turned
to the rest of us and cried, "Here, take
the child, some of you, and I'll carry the
mother."

The child was quickly taken, and ere
many moments we were back in the bar-
room with our burden. The two were
taken to the fire and the snow brushed
from them.

"Who's that?" asked the host.

"Only Kate Lockland and her child,"
answered the fat man.

"What d'ye bring 'em in here for?"
the host uttered angrily. "Why didn't
ye take 'em to yer own house Jim Drake?"

"Cause my house is too far."

The host was coming around the bar,
and his eye was flashing with mingled
shame and anger, but before he got fairly
out, the stout barley teamster who had
said so much, started up.

"Mike Fingal," he uttered, in tones
such as only a man confident of his own
physical power can command "don't ye
put a finger on that woman. Don't ye do
it. If ye do, I'll crush ye as I would a
pizen spider!"

Fingal looked the speaker in the eye for
a moment, and then muttering something
about a man's having a right to do as he
pleased in own house, he slunk madly
away behind his bar again.

I now turned my attention to the wo-
man and her child. The former was
surely not yet thirty years of age, and she
was truly a beautiful woman—only she
was pale and wan, and her eyes were
swollen. She trembled fearfully, and I
could see her bosom heave as she tried to
choke the sobs that were bursting forth.—
"The child was a girl and about four years
old. She clung close to her mother, and

seemed frightful into a forgetfulness of
her cold fingers and feet.

"Kate Lockland, what in Heaven's
name are ye doing out this night?" asked
Jim Drake.

"O, I was trying to find my own
house, Jim Drake, for I know ye'd give
me shelter. But I got lost in the snow.
I wouldn't have cried out in front of this
place, but my poor child did. Jim Drake
have ye seen George? O, God have
mercy on him! Poor dear George! He
don't know we are freezing and starving
in our own home! No fuel—no food—
no—no—"

She stopped and burst into tears, and in
a moment more George Lockland sprang
to his feet.

"Who called me?" he cried, gazing
wildly around.

Kate sprang up instinctively, but ere
she reached her husband she stopped.—
The man saw her, and for a while he was
riveted to the spot. Soon he gazed
around upon her scene about him, and
gradually a look of intelligence relieved
the utter blank of his hitherto pale and
maimed face.

"No fuel! no food!" he whispered, gaz-
ing now upon his wife. "Starving!—
God have mercy! Who was it said those
words? Where am I?"

"George! George!" cried the wife, now
rushing forward and flinging her arms
about her husband's neck. "Don't you
know me?"

"Kate! No fire!—here's the fire!"

"Ay, George," said Jim Drake, now
starting up; "this ain't yer own home.
Don't ye know where ye are?"

Again the poor man gazed about him
and as a fearful shudder convulsed his
frame, and his hands involuntarily closed
over his eyes, I knew that the truth had
burst upon him.

"No fuel!—no food!" he groaned.

"O, sir, whispered the wife, catching
Drake convulsively by the arm, "take us
away from here. Do."

"But ye're cold, Kate."

"No, no, no. It's only a little way to
your house. I shall die here!"

"Will you go home with me, George?"
Jim asked of the husband.

"Any where!" gasped the poor man,
"O, my God! No fuel—no food! Kate
Kate! are you hurt?"

But the wife could not speak, and as
soon as possible the fat old villager had the
lantern in readiness, and a half a dozen of
them went to help him.

"Come, lead George, one of you—
You take Kate—you're stoutest than I—
and I will take the little one."

This last was spoken to the stout team-
ster, and he took the wife in his arms, as
though she had been an infant.

"It's only a few steps," said Drake, as
he started to go. "I'll send your lantern
back, Mike Fingal."

And with this the party left the bar-
room. I went to the window and saw them
wading off through the deep snow, and
when they went out of sight I turned
away. The host came out and began to
explain matters; but I was sick enough
already, and with an aching heart I left
the room.

On the following morning I came down
to breakfast later than usual, for I had slept
but little through the night. About nine
o'clock the driver came in and told us the
stage would be ready in a few minutes.—
I went into the bar-room for a cigar. Jim
Drake had just come in to bring the old
clock that he had wrapped around the child
the night before.

"What'll ye have this morning, Jim?"
I heard the landlord ask, as he set out a
tumbler.

"Nothing," returned the fat man, em-
phatically. "I'm done, Mike Fingal. I'm
done with this stuff. I'll drink no more of
it. I wouldn't have come now, only poor
Lockland was up and his sweet little wife
was hanging about his neck. They was
crying so that I couldn't stand it, and I had
to clear out. O, it's dreadful, Mike Fingal.
You don't know what poor things
have suffered! But they shan't have my
example any more."

"All ready!" shouted the driver. And
I was forced to leave. The wind had all
gone down; the air was sharp and bracing,
and slowly we walled away from the
village.

I reached Buffalo two days later than I
had expected when I set out, and having
transacted my business there, I went on the
Mississippi, and so on down to New Or-
leans.

Four years afterwards I had occasion to
travel that same road again, and stopped
in that same village to take dinner. The
bar was still open, but Michael Fingal had
gone away. I walked out after dinner,
and soon came across a neatly painted of-
fice, over the door of which I read—
"George Lockland, Attorney and Counsel-
lor at Law." In less than five minutes
afterwards I saw a fat, good-natured man
coming towards me, whom I at once re-
cognized as Jim Drake. As he came up,
I said—

"Excuse me, sir, but I wish to ask how
Mr. Lockland is getting on now."

"Squire Lockland, you probably mean?"
he answered, with a proud look. "You
know him, then?"

"I did once," said I.

"Then you ought to know him now.—
He is the first man in the county—the first
man sir. Four years ago this next month
that's coming, he was just about as low as
a man could be, but he started right up,
and now he's almost as high as a man can
be. Did ye ever know the Squire's wife?"

"I have seen her," I replied.

I saw that Drake didn't recognize me.

"But you should see her now. Ah,
'twas a great change for her. That's her
child—that little girl coming this way.—
Aint there a little picture for ye?"

I looked and saw a bright-eyed, sun-
ny-haired girl of some eight summers, coming
laughing and tripping along like a little
fairy. She stopped as she came to where
we stood, and put her arms to "Uncle
Drake," as she called the old man, and
while he was kissing her and chatting with
her, I moved on.

I looked back once at that happy, beau-
tiful face, just to contrast it with the pale,
frightened features I had seen on that dis-
mal night, in the bar-room.

Laws of R. Island.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, AND PRO-
VIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

In General Assembly, January Session, AD 1856.

His Excellency the Governor having com-
municated to this General Assembly, Resolutions
of the Legislature of Massachusetts, strongly urging
on the United States Government payment of the
claims of American citizens for "spoliations com-
mitted by the French Government, anterior to the year eight-
teen hundred, the indemnity for which was as-
sumed by the United States, and France released
therefrom by the convention of that year, ratified
and proclaimed on the 24th of June, 1841, and the
French Government, anterior to the year eight-

